

Next June we all may long for the balmy days of January.

Possibly the pet in the cat show would enjoy more keenly life in the alley.

Some people can find a typographical error who never find an idea of their own.

We have yet to discover an egg that has been improved by the cold storage treatment.

"Gaseous imbecility" has taken its place in the hall of fame beside "Innocuous desuetude."

Higher education, too, has its dangers. An Illinois girl started for college, but got married on the way.

Chicago is to have grand opera in English next season. If Chief Steward has his way it will also have it in clothing.

In the Boston high schools 3,000 girls are taking the commercial course. The boys will have to go west or south.

A Denver surgeon was stricken with appendicitis while operating on a patient for that disease. Maybe it is catching, after all.

That Jersey architect who failed to provide a stairway for a new schoolhouse must have realized that this is the age of aviation.

Three and a half millions was the value of the foreign trade of the United States last year. Pretty big country this, isn't it?

Russia affords a big market for American typewriters. To judge from the cartoons we see, Russia is not a big market for American safety razors.

There is a powerful movement in favor of grand opera in English, despite the fact that such productions tend to discourage the elegant art of conversation.

A Boston spinster wants a five-dollar tax on bachelors. But surely she would not have any man value her so cheaply that he would marry her to save a paltry five.

Harvard astronomers have discovered a new star, but as said star is not one of the football variety, the discovery is not making much of a splash with the students.

"Chicago is a burglar's paradise," says a jurist who is in a position to know. Aside from that and a few other defects it is a good place to live in if one isn't particular.

Europe has now definitely decided that Tolstol was insane. This may be true, but it seems as though a little more of that sort of insanity wouldn't hurt Europe any.

If the fashion of wearing tight trousers and padless coats comes into general use we know a great many supposedly brawny men who will dwindle woefully in appearance.

Many readers of newspapers have wondered at the meaning of those oft-repeated words found at the end of mysterious disappearance stories: "Detectives have been assigned to the case."

At any rate the Chicago woman who said she rode all night on street cars to cure a headache has invented a good excuse for persons who are prone to stay out until the wee sma' hours.

A New York woman says she lost her respect for her husband when she caught him with five aces in his hand. She is perfectly right. A man who allows himself to be caught that way deserves no respect.

If that Buffalo man who would not give up a counterfeit bill to an agent of the government were to get the full penalty of \$100 and a year's imprisonment he might think he had committed some real crime.

We have it from a German economist that American women will soon be forced to labor on farms like men. Here we have an outlet for the surplus energy of those fair damsels who seek "careers" in preference to husbands.

A post-mortem examination of a Missouri lady who had a mania for heavy diet resulted in the discovery of 1,446 separate articles of hardware in her little inside. If there is any truth in theosophy the lady was either a goat or an ostrich in her previous existence.

Most of those who tell about rearing a family and saving money on \$1,000 a year do not have to and hence are better able to theorize in the abstract.

A florist in New Jersey turns his henry into a summer garden with all sorts of flowers and is getting eggs of delicate flavor and various tints, violet, rose and carnation flavors being in the lead. A hen garden of this kind might be a handsome and useful addition to a combination clubhouse for the Ananias members and the nature fakers.

Candy Girl

Young Woman Made Her Way by Selling Fudge

By MAUDE E. BERNARD



NOT so very long ago a young girl in the northern part of New York state decided to go to college, but when ways and means were discussed it was found that she would have to supplement in some way the limited amount the family could afford to give her. Fortunately her faith in herself and in human nature in general was her chief asset and she finally convinced her parents that if she only could get in the college she could do the rest. She was not quite sure how this feat was going to be accomplished, but her courage was high.

During the first few weeks she discovered that the college girls' fondness for candy was no fable and she made some fudge and other candies from her own recipes, which had in her home town been considered superior to anything that could be bought, and offered the candy for sale among the girls.

It met with instant success, and she made more, which she disposed of with such rapidity that in a short time the demand had grown among the girls in the college and their friends to such an extent that she found it necessary to open a place of business outside the college.

Still she had her way to pay through college and could not take large financial risks, so she rented a space under the stairs in one of the busiest business buildings and used a kitchen table for a counter. In this she displayed her various goods done up in attractive boxes with each box labeled with the contents and weight and price. She could not afford to keep a salesgirl behind the counter while she was obliged to be absent, and here is where her great faith in human nature served her.

She tacked a card up, saying, "Make your purchase and leave the money," and she declares she never lost a cent or a piece of candy. Today this same girl has a chain of candy shops throughout the country and she is fully convinced that the secret of her success is the faith she had in the old college days with the little stand under the stairs.



Shoes Afford Hiding Place for Germs

By ROSCOE WILTON

The elusive germ discovered in everything conceivable has been caught hiding in another stronghold by British scientists recently and the humble instrument of his propagation proves to be nothing more than an old shoe.

The shoe dealer and the cobbler are to be subjected to medical inspection if the health officers of Manchester carry out their threats because, they declare, millions of germs are conveyed from one person to another by the common practice of trying on shoes and also by the transfer of germs from one shoe to another while in the cobbler's hands. In cases of tetanus, scarlet fever or eczema erysipelas, every one is extremely careful to burn or disinfect the clothing, but so often the shoes are overlooked and these diseases are readily conveyed by the wearer to his neighbors, especially in the case of scarlet fever.

The germ hunter is ever active and it seems to the man who is in love with the good old times when we all drank out of the same rusty tin cup at the spring, that we are not going to be permitted to breathe in the same room with another after a time, but will each wear our own little breath purifier.

A man in Ohio recently went the limit when he insisted upon carrying his own car strap, so that when he had to "hang" he would not be forced to use the device which had been besmirched by the germ hands of his fellow travelers.

And yet the precautions which we take and which our fathers never heard of are doubtless the only reason why we can live in our congested overpopulated quarters and contrive to keep alive at all—so look out for your shoes.

Lighten the Burdens of Heavy Laden

By REUBEN SCHOFIELD

We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have had the good luck to escape your share of it you are a very fortunate person. But do not, on that account, allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others, those poor others.

Their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery.

We are here to heal the wounds and bind the broken heart. And the only way we can do this is by being kind, loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes, for heart sickness is much harder to help than hunger and poverty.

Show an interest in others; try to help them; go out of your way to lighten the burden of the heavy laden.

Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the other side.

If you are strong, then be merciful.

Remember that we all look at life from a different standpoint and what might appear to you a mere grain of mustard seed in the path is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister or brother. The more one shrinks the more necessary for you to step in and help.

Much Good Is Derived From Science

By DR. ARTHUR N. CUSHING
University of London

People who inveigh against vivisection as a rule have no scientific knowledge and their clamor is based solely on a false sentimentality.

Of course there are the cranks who also lift up their voices, but where would the world be today if men of science and real humanity were influenced by such as these.

I declare that all the progress of the past 40 years that the medical profession has witnessed has come through experimenting with the lower order of animals.

Every cure of any importance that has been developed in that length of time has been gained through vivisection. The knowledge gained by prior experiments with brutes has saved tens of thousands of human lives.

A Cure for Dignity

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Because Harold Speed was twenty-four years old, and because Miss Gertrude Rayburn was only nineteen; because he was rather prim and precise, and she was a sort of tomboy; because he was in love with her and because of several other reasons, he had come to speak of her as Little Miss Chit.

She was saucy and impudent and independent, and she was very demure and deceitful and ingenious. If she loved him in return she wasn't going to let him know it until she got good and ready. She resented his primness and preciseness and the rebukes he offered.

When her mother talked to her about her wicked ways she elevated her chin and replied:

"And who is Harold to boss me. He is only a bit older than I am, though he acts like an old deacon. I'm going to keep at him until he drops that awful dignity and acts as any other young man would."

"He has asked you to marry him, I presume?" queried the mother. "Yes, he has, and how did he do it? We were sitting in the summer house one evening, and I was chewing gum. It was a beautiful night. The crickets were singing, and the night breeze was rustling the big willow. It was just the nicest night in the world to talk love, but did he talk it? No, mamma. After we had sat there like two stupid for a long half hour, and just as I was expecting him to drop to his knees and propose, he said:

"Do you think we ought to keep a cat when we are married?"

"Why, mamma, I was so mad that I almost swallowed my gum! Did you ever hear the like?"

"Harold is a very steady young man, and you are hoity-toity," replied the mother.

"I'm not. It's just only that I won't be a grandmother till I have to be. Oh, you wait. I'll bring that young



With Her Father's Hat and Cane.

man off his pedestal if he continues to hang around here. If he thinks I'm going to walk a chalkline for him he's very much mistaken."

Harold was expected that very evening, and he arrived on time—not a minute too soon nor a minute too late. The butler waved him into the parlor, according to program, and according to further program he expected to find Miss Gertrude sitting bolt upright in her chair as she waited his appearance. But she wasn't in a chair at all. She was sitting on the floor like a girl of ten, and moreover she was making a rag doll. She looked for Mr. Speed to exclaim. He might even turn and leave the house. He did nothing of the kind. He simply said:

"Sorry, Miss Chit that you haven't another little girl to play with. Excuse me, please, while I look at the latest magazine."

"Oh, sure! Wish grandma was home to talk with you!"

And for a long hour she sat there and talked to her doll and sung to herself, but she couldn't even ruffle the conservative young man. He seemed quietly to enjoy the situation.

On another occasion he began to talk politics as soon as he entered her presence, and after standing it for half an hour she yawned and asked if he had any objection to going out and buying a quart of peanuts to roast in the kitchen. She hoped he would flush up and even swear, but he disappointed her. He remained cool and calm and answered that he hoped her frivolity would entirely disappear some day.

Again, he entered the parlor to find her walking up and down with a cane, and her father's silk hat on her head. She continued to walk after his entrance, and it was only after he had seated himself and began to read a letter taken from his pocket that she threw hat and cane into a corner and exclaimed:

"Harold Speed, am I nobody or nothing?"

"Why, yes—you are Little Miss Chit," he answered.

"And you are Dignity on a mountain! Say, would you jump if a street car was coming at you?"

"I think I could walk out of its path."

"I wish a policeman would arrest you!"

"What for?"

"I wish he'd arrest you and slam-bang you all over the block, and that the judge would give you thirty days the next morning! Oh, that dignity! How I just would like to see it slam-banged!"

"Thank you."

"And you needn't come here no more!"

"But I shall."

"And I never said I'd marry you when you asked if we ought to keep a cat. You go to father if you dare!"

"In the hot home this evening, I shall."

"I shall slope with the butcher and the policeman."

"I haven't seen you for weeks or drawing a toy."

"I shall."

"I shall."

"I shall."

"I shall."

"I shall."

"I shall."

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"I shall."

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Wife's Soliloquy.

Appealing to the police to find her husband, who went to work and had not returned home at eight o'clock, but requesting that the officers neither arrest nor "talk cross" to him, a woman left a note in the hands of Patrolman Hickerson at Sixth and Edmond streets containing information concerning the missing husband.

The note in addition to giving a description of the missing man read that the wife "was worried nearly sick because it was the first time that he had done this."

"I don't want you to arrest him," continued the note. "Tell the police to please not talk cross to him."—St. Joseph Gazette.

Rattlesnakes Appear Early.

The unusually warm weather throughout central Wyoming the last few weeks has caused large numbers of rattlesnakes to leave their dens and many have been killed by ranchmen and others. Not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants have rattlesnakes appeared so early in the year. —Casper correspondence Denver Republican.

Sympathy sometimes means sitting in a car and passing out soft words to lame folk.

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